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## OCALA SOCIAL AFFAIRS

(Continued from Third Page)

**Junior League Social**  
The Junior Epworth League, of the Methodist church, will hold a social tomorrow afternoon at the parsonage, at 3 o'clock. There will be an election of officers and a literary program will be rendered. All leaguers are expected to be present.

The park committee of the Woman's Club, yesterday, issued invitations to the business men, asking them to be present at the silver tea at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Clark this afternoon. It promises to be a most pleasant affair and should be largely attended.

Our former postmaster, Mr. F. J. Huber, now candidate on the republican ticket for tax assessor, and confidently expecting to be defeated, is in town today. He informs us that Mrs. Huber who has spent the summer in Indiana, will soon return to Florida, and will pay her Ocala friends a visit. The Hubers are much esteemed in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. P. V. Leavengood were passengers on the M. & M. T. liner Merrimack, which was due in Jacksonville this afternoon. They will be home tomorrow.

Mr. G. H. Hurd, a well known and much esteemed citizen of West Palm Beach, after a pleasant visit to Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Cook, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis W. Duval and their pretty little daughter reached home this afternoon. Mrs. Duval and the little girl have been in Kentucky all summer. Mr. Duval went to join them a few weeks ago, and on the way home they stopped for a few days in Atlanta. All their friends are glad to have them home again.

Mr. Dean Ponder of Orlando, who has been the guest of his brother, Mr. L. W. Ponder and family for the past week, has returned home.

Mrs. L. W. Ponder left today for Dade City, where she will be the guest of Mrs. R. T. Weaver.

Mrs. O. N. Geise left today for Tampa, where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. Sales.

Mrs. D. N. Cone and children of White Springs, are stopping with Mrs. W. T. Gary on their way home from Tampa and Palmetto, Mrs. Cone's former home.

Miss Metz Butler has returned to her home in St. Petersburg after a short visit to her aunt, Mrs. F. W. Ditto.

Mrs. W. H. Marsh will entertain the Baptist sewing circle at her home on South Second street, east, Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The Y. S. club was entertained yesterday afternoon by Mrs. Edwin Spencer at her pretty home in Rosedale. Mrs. Guy Toph having made the highest score at ruck was presented a bouquet of American Beauty roses, and the consolation, a single rose vase, bearing an American Beauty, was presented to Mrs. Malcolm Waring. After the games dainty refreshments of cream and cake were served, the guests also being refreshed upon their arrival by delicious fruit punch, served by Mrs. A. M. Lansford—Lakeland Telegram.

Mrs. Marie Taylor and little daughter, Winifred, went to Ocala Friday to join her husband there—Center Hill item in Bushnell Times.

Dr. H. C. Hubbard has been a visitor here this week. He is contemplating removing to Fort Meade, where prospects for a lucrative practice await him. His wife and two bright children accompanied him—Bushnell Times.

Dr. Hubbard frequently motors to Ocala, bringing his family with him. They have made quite a number of friends here, who will be sorry if they remove to another part of the state.

Mrs. J. H. Pegram and interesting little daughter, Julian Louise, of Ocala, are in Orlando visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Wells—Orlando Sentinel.

### MOVING PICTURE FEATURES

William Collier, the famous Broadway comedian, will be seen at the Temple today in a Keystone comedy.

Tomorrow Douglas Fairbanks will be seen in Ocala for the first time. This splendid actor, popular on the stage, has become more so on the screen. He is a lively person. He will be seen tomorrow in a Triangle feature called "His Pictures in the Papers."

Movie fans will be glad to know that Marguerite Clark has just signed another contract with the Famous Players company, and will continue to make pictures.

"Ashes of Embers," in which Pauline Frederick was seen here yesterday, is a very interesting picture. The double role done by Miss Frederick is very successful. Not the least interesting part of the feature was the

(Concluded on Fourth Page)

## 1917?

(Continued from Yesterday)

The answer loomed in the alarm bells sounding "general quarters" and the bugles calling all men to battle stations. Leaping at the call, as he had responded a hundred times in practice, Wendell stepped from the sunshine of the wind swept deck into



A Cheer Burst From the Gun Crew of the Arizona.

the turret and the yellow light of the battle lanterns. He took his place at the rear of the guns, and as his men went to their stations he gazed through the telescope periscope which let him look out above the top of the turret toward the upper works of the enemy's vessels far off to the east. He found himself repeating his directions in a voice not strange. "We fire at the rear ship in the line."

At his command he felt the mighty turret revolving slowly beneath him; the turret trainer and the gun pointers, at their places at the periscope sights, were bringing the three monster guns to bear. Every man was trying to be as calm as though the command which had been repeated was simply "Fire at target No. 3." But not even Holt, the turret captain, who had made the record for his ship at the last gun trials on the ranges, was entirely steady. If Wendell were killed there was no other officer in the turret to succeed. The nearest would be Wayne, the ensign, in the handling room below. Holt set his lips and clinched his powerful hands. The heat in the turret was stifling. Fans sucked at the air, but sweat streamed over the bare bodies of the men standing idle—the sight setters, the gunner's mates, the "strikers" and the firing pointer, with the electric buzzer strapped over his bare chest, rising and falling as he panted for breath. The sound of the Pennsylvania's guns came, muffled, into the turret, but envy for the sister ship was gone. The Arizona soon would be in action and would show them. At the call to battle stations the Arizona was only a couple of thousand yards astern the Pennsylvania, which had just come within extreme range of the enemy. But the enemy's ships were withdrawing. Had they begun to flee so fast that the Arizona would not have a shot?

"Stand by!"

Now, "Initial range, twenty thousand; deflection, five four!"

The voice which first gave it spoke on the telephone circuit; simultaneously the visual signal clicked and the range and the deflection stood out in sharp figures in yards and points—"20,000," deflection "5 4"—meant four points to the right. A voice, clear and slow, sounding from the speaking tube—which needed no dependence upon electric circuits—repeated the instruction. But the sight setters, helmeted with the telephone headpieces strapped over their ears, already were making their adjustment. The distance was greater than that at which even first ranging shots might be fired, but the Arizona was closing with the enemy, the Carthage and the two Peras were offering themselves yet, and the range was shortening.

"Load!"

Wendell had heard moments before the rumbling below, which told that in the handling room the shells and the powder bags for his three mighty guns were waiting upon the cars. He turned from his periscope as the steel traps to the handling room opened and the ammunition cars came to place behind the open breeches of the guns. The crews, sweating and silent, rammed in the monster shells, thrust the great powder bags in behind and closed the breech of each gun. The ammunition cars, empty, dropped below, the trap doors closing above them. At each gun the plugman put in the primer. The three fourteen-inch guns were ready, each separated from the next by a steel bulkhead to limit as much as possible an accident in the turret. A few yards farther forward and lower the three great pieces of No. 1 turret, too, were ready, their muzzles lifted to extreme elevation toward the eastern sky.

"Range, one, nine, O double O! Deflection five four!" the telephone said. The visuals displayed the figures in black and white again. "Commence firing with one gun!" the order came on the telephone as the sight setters sprang to their sights. The voice tube repeated the order, and the firing pointer, holding his electric button in hand, stooped and strained at his telescope to follow closer the pointing of the guns. Up and down, up and down, up and down, as the waves passed under the ship the deck moved, but as it moved and as the ship steamed forward and the target ship also moved the trainer and the gun pointers worked ceaselessly turning the turret and elevating and lowering the guns to keep the sights steadily "on" the target, but as the firing pointer crouched at his telescope the cross hairs which divided his field of sight rose now above the funnels of the third ship on the horizon. Now, as the gun dropped,

too much of the gray, white peaked sea appeared. For a flashing instant only—a frightful infinitesimal of a second—the faraway funnels, the masts and the bridge of the enemy ship showed exactly in the cross hairs of the sight. At that infinitesimal the gun must fire. The firing pointer better than any one else knew that as he strained, sweating, and fingering his firing key.

"Bzzzzzz!" The buzzer, hung against his chest now, was sounding the signal to fire. For an interval—measured and noted in the chief fire control station from which the signal came—the buzzer would sound. The firing pointer could choose when during those counted seconds the gun was "on" the target



The Man's Eyes, Glassy in Their Steadiness, Stared Through the Telescope.

and he should loose the charge, but if he did not fire while the buzzer still was sounding the turret must wait instruction from the tops again—the sights must be altered, the gun aimed again, that chance for dealing destruction be gone.

"Bzzzzzz!" the buzzer was still going, but it would not go forever. Had it not been going for—minutes now? Bob Wendell jerked, stiff and strained, toward the firing pointer. He tried to speak, but he could not till he wet his lips; then as he saw the pointer's face the rebuke stayed on his tongue. The gun pointer's face was drawn as in agony, his arms strained and stretched as in torture, his lips moved ceaselessly, soundlessly, and his fingers played with the firing key as a surgeon's taking up a scalpel. The man's eyes, glassy in their steadiness, stared through the telescope. Too much of the sky was in the field of sight, but now the deck was dropping again and the buzzer still was sounding. The firing pointer's fingers pressed together, and the monster bulk of steel beside him leaped back in recoil, while the air before the turret was yellow and etherous with blazing gas and the ship shuddered at the shock of the discharge.

The firing pointer, falling back as the doors from the handling room opened again and the car came up for the reload, gazed toward Wendell. Bob, counting the score of seconds during which the shell would be in flight, said to himself, "Eight, nine." Then, aloud, "That was right, Louden; fire when you're on the target!" He saw that the gun was reloaded and from his station gazed through his periscope out over the sea.

If he missed—he and the firing pointer and the turret trainer, the sight setters and the rest, the captain on the bridge, Garry and his men in the top, the executive officer in the chief fire control station, the engineers, and all the others throughout the ship who lived then only to send shells true and straight from the guns—if they all missed, a spurt of spray would show somewhere ten miles away. If the shell hit, nothing would appear—that was, nothing would show right away. A little later the target ship might show a list or a fire might break out. But in any case Wendell and the crew in the turret who had pointed and fired the gun could scarcely hope to see it. Only Garry and his spotters in the tops would stare at it. Perhaps the captain and the officers in the conning tower might see, but word would come to the turret as an instruction for a correction for the guns if it was a miss, or if it was a hit, "No change!"

"Down five hundred. One right!" That meant a miss, of course. The shell had gone over and splashed in the water. Garry had seen the splash and estimated the miss at five hundred yards. "One right!" That meant that the shell had hit the target. The original estimate had not allowed enough deflection for the speed of the Arizona and the relative speed of the funnels and masts out there ten miles away. But the shell at least had gone over. It had not fallen short. A second shot already was testing the new range. "Up three hundred!"

The range was now "bracketed." A shot at 19,000 yards had gone over. Another at 18,500 had fallen short. The right range was between. The sight setter for the gun which had fired at last had altered his sight again. The firing pointer crouched and strained. The buzzer on his breast sounded. The gun leaped back.

(Continued Tomorrow)

### SERVICES IN GERMAN

Rev. Neiderhoefer will preach again this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the Christian church on East Broadway. Everyone is cordially invited.

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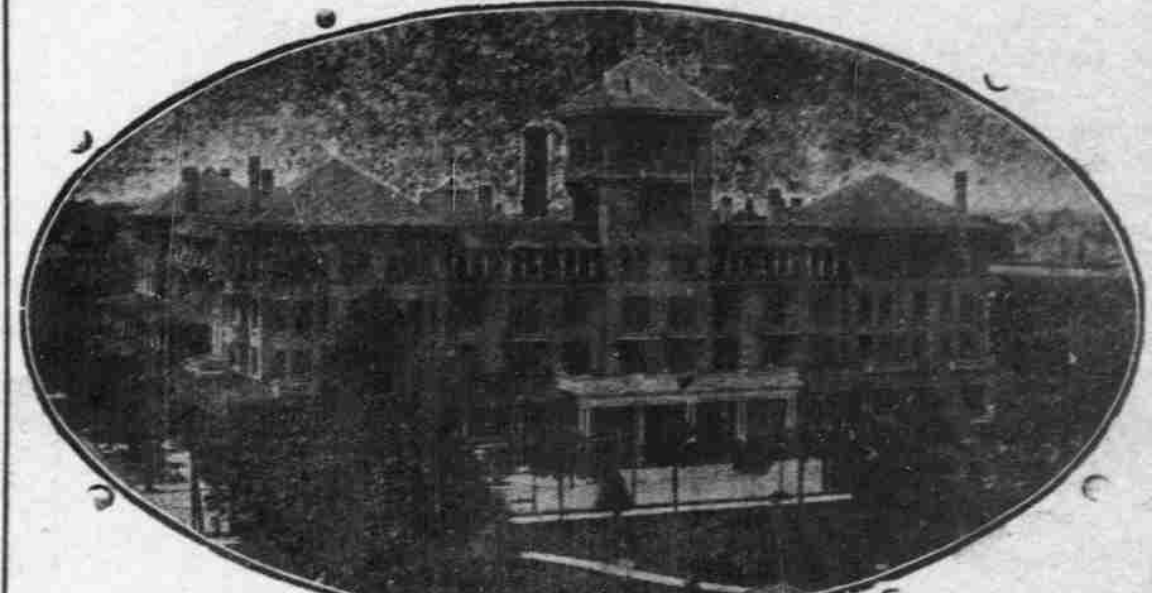
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